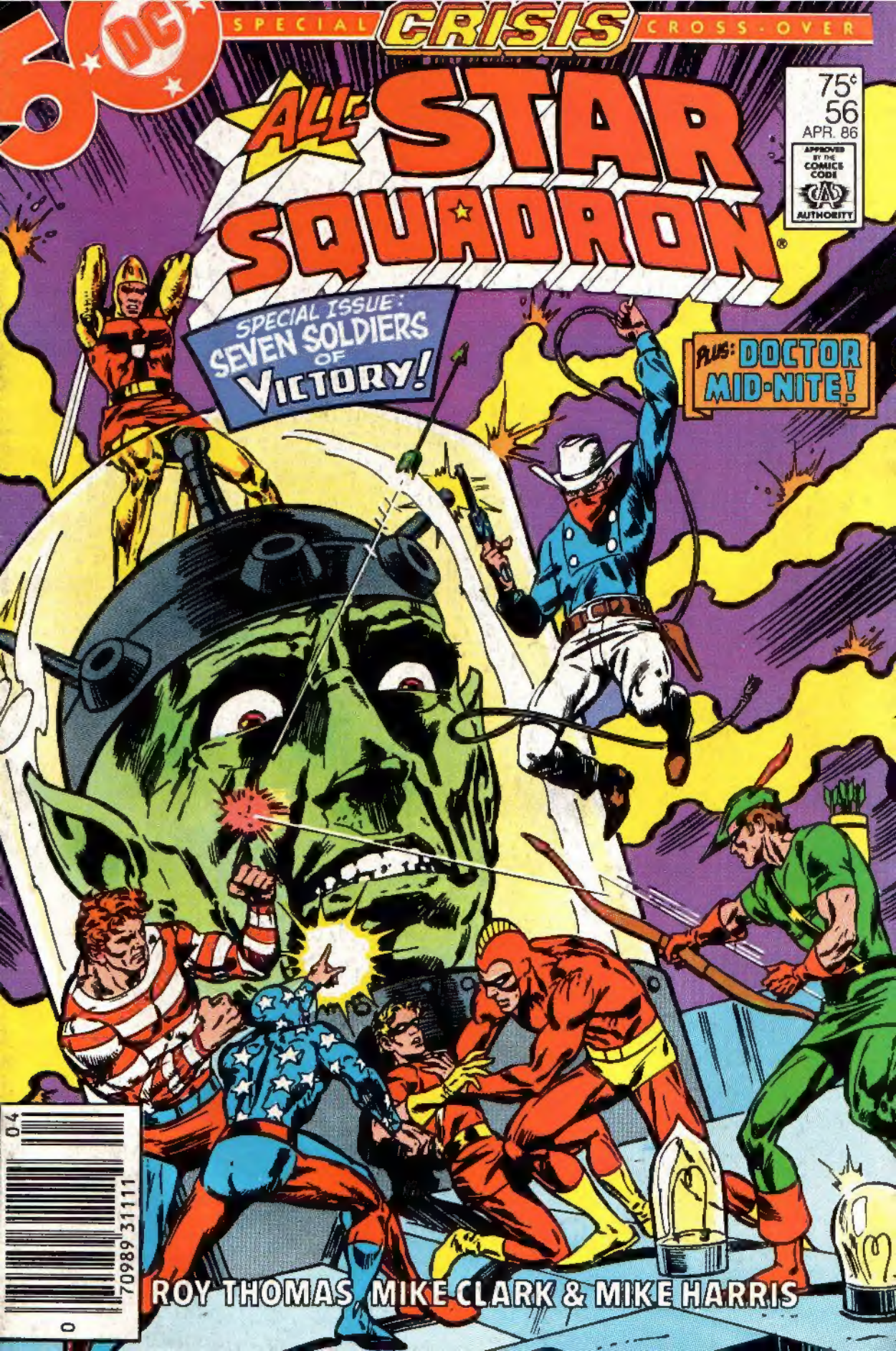
SPECIAL CRISIS CROSS-OVER
ALL-STAR SQUADRON
75¢
56
APR. 86
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SPECIAL ISSUE: SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY!
PLUS: DOCTOR MID-NITE!
ROY THOMAS, MIKE CLARK & MIKE HARRIS

1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

ALL-STAR SQUADRON™

ROY THOMAS WRITER/EDITOR | MIKE CLARK & MIKE HARRIS PENCILLERS (PP. 1-19) (PP. 20-24) | VINCE COLLETTA & TONY DeZUNIGA INKERS (PP. 1-19) (PP. 20-24) | DAVID C. WEISS LETTERER | CARL GAFFORD COLORIST

QUESTION: WAS IT REALLY THREE ISSUES AGO THAT THE ARTHURIAN-AGE STALWART SIR JUSTIN FLEW OFF ON HIS FEATHERED STEED TOWARD PHILADELPHIA, AND AN URGENT RENDEZVOUS WITH THE Seven Soldiers of Victory?

ANSWER: IT SURE WAS--YET, ON AN EARTH PLAGUED BY THE SECOND WORLD WAR AND THE CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS AT ONCE, A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN A SHORT TIME.

AND INDEED, IT'S BEEN LESS THAN AN HOUR SINCE HIS FELLOW ALL-STARS BADE FAREWELL TO-- THE SHINING KNIGHT™

ONWARD, WINGED VICTORY! MAYHAP OUR FELLOW CHAMPIONS CAN HELP US LEARN THE SECRET OF THESE EERIE RED SKIES--AND OF WHAT HAS BEFALLEN VARIOUS OF OUR ALL-STAR COMRADES!

THE SINISTER SECRET OF THE SIXTH SENSE!

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY IN LEADING COMICS #4, 1942.

"The Home Front has a job to do, too!" --oft-heard statement during WW II.

BUT TONIGHT'S OMINOUS MOON GLARES DOWN, AS WELL, ON OTHER DENIZENS OF THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE...

...INCLUDING THOSE OF A CHEAP BAR, WHOSE SOLE CUSTOMERS ARE HOODLUMS, HOOLIGANS, AND THUGS, HIDING FROM HEAVENS THE COLOR OF BLOOD.

THUMP THUMP THUMP

KRA-A-ANG!

HEY, CUT THE RACKET, MICKEY! FROM THAT BANGIN' AT THE DOOR, SOUNDS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY!

I HEAR! WONDER IF IT'S THE COPS, OR--

THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP...

NO, MICKEY GORDON--IT'S NOT THE POLICE--

BLRRANNG!

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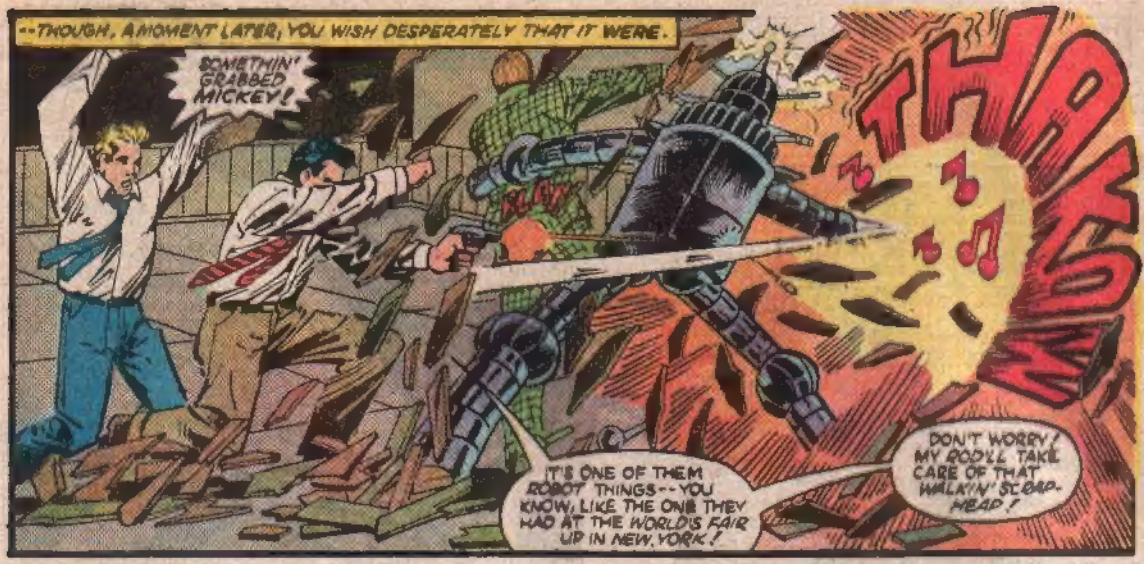
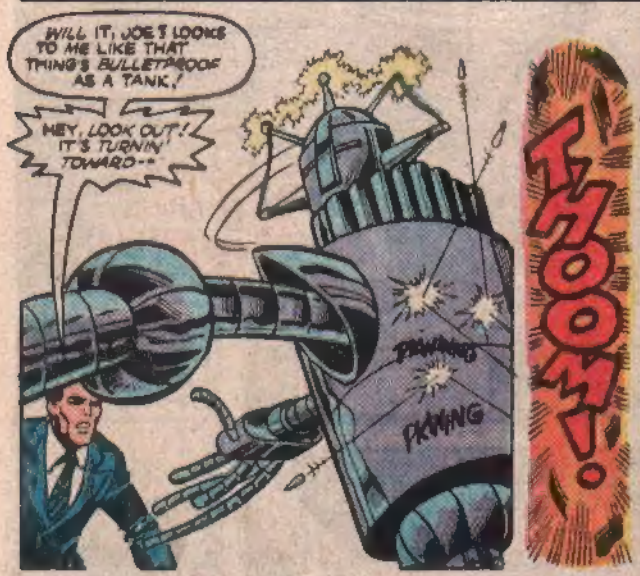
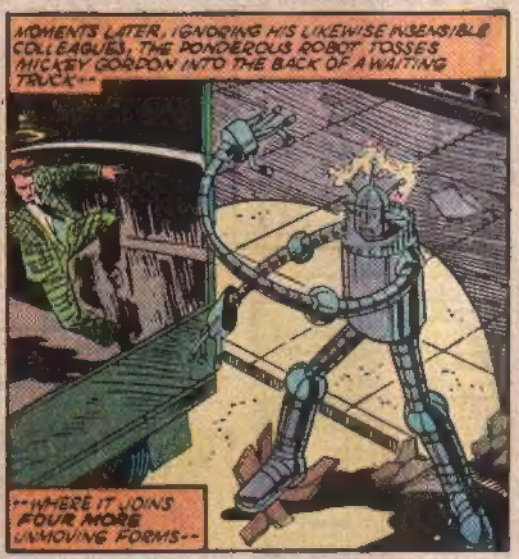
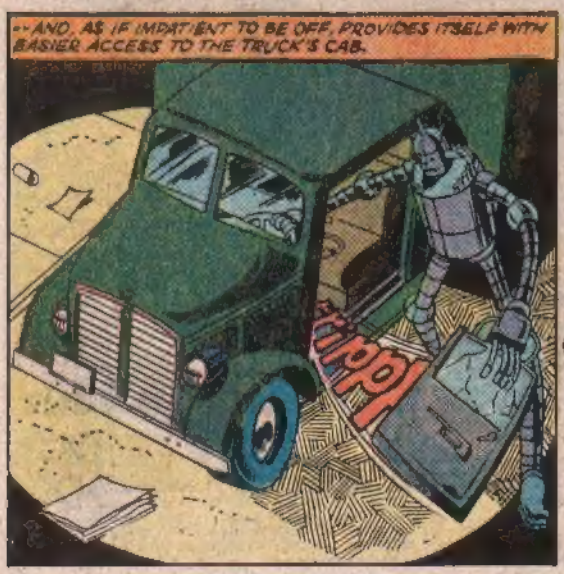

--THOUGH, A MOMENT LATER, YOU WISH DESPERATELY THAT IT WERE.
SOMETHIN' GRABBED MICKEY!
KLAK
THAK
IT'S ONE OF THEM ROBOT THINGS--YOU KNOW, LIKE THE ONE THEY HAD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR UP IN NEW YORK!
DON'T WORRY! MY ROD'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT WALKIN' SCRAP-HEAP!

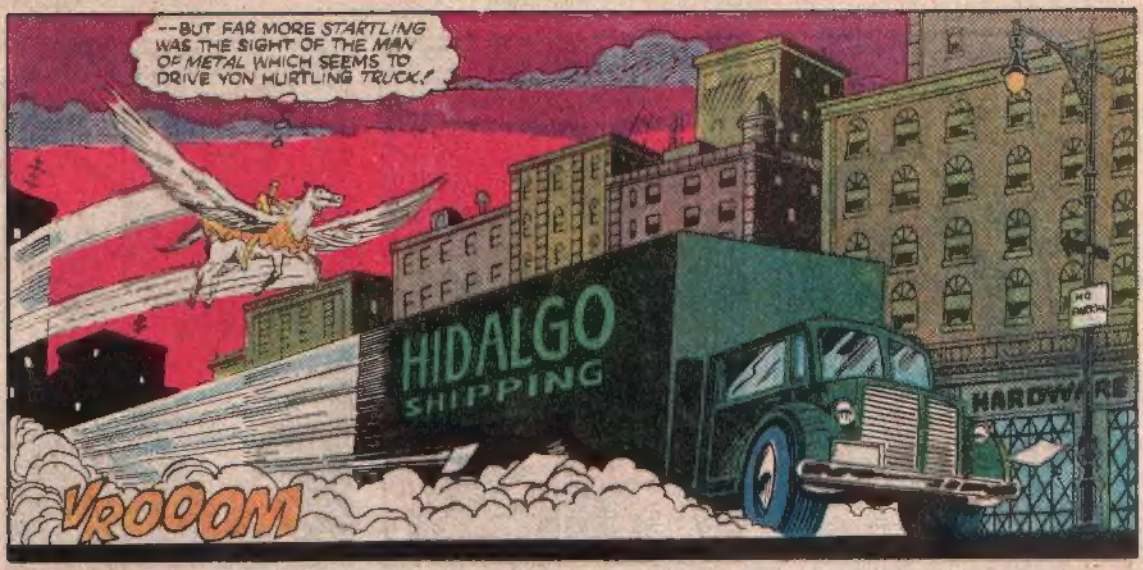

WILL IT, JOE? LOOKS TO ME LIKE THAT THING'S BULLETPROOF AS A TANK.
HEY, LOOK OUT! IT'S TURNIN' TOWARD--
PKANG
PKANG

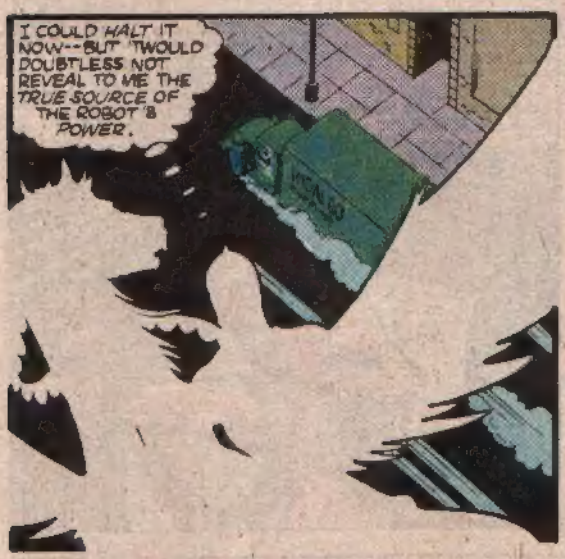
THOOM!

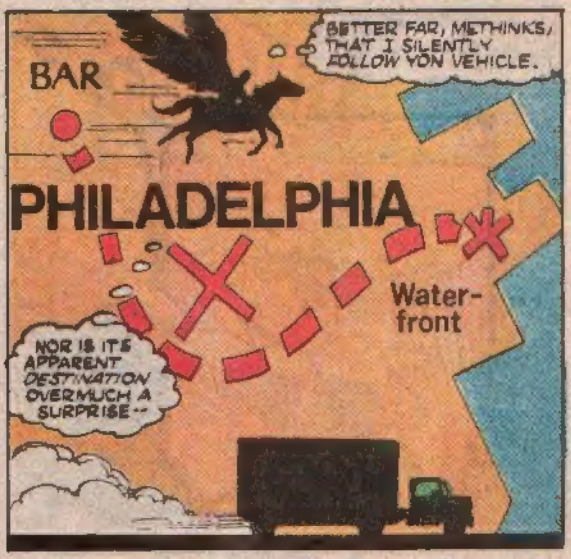

MOMENTS LATER, IGNORING HIS LIKEWISE INSENSIBLE COLLEAGUES, THE PONDEROUS ROBOT TOSSES MICKEY GORDON INTO THE BACK OF A WAITING TRUCK--
--WHERE IT JOINS FOUR MORE UNMOVING FORMS--

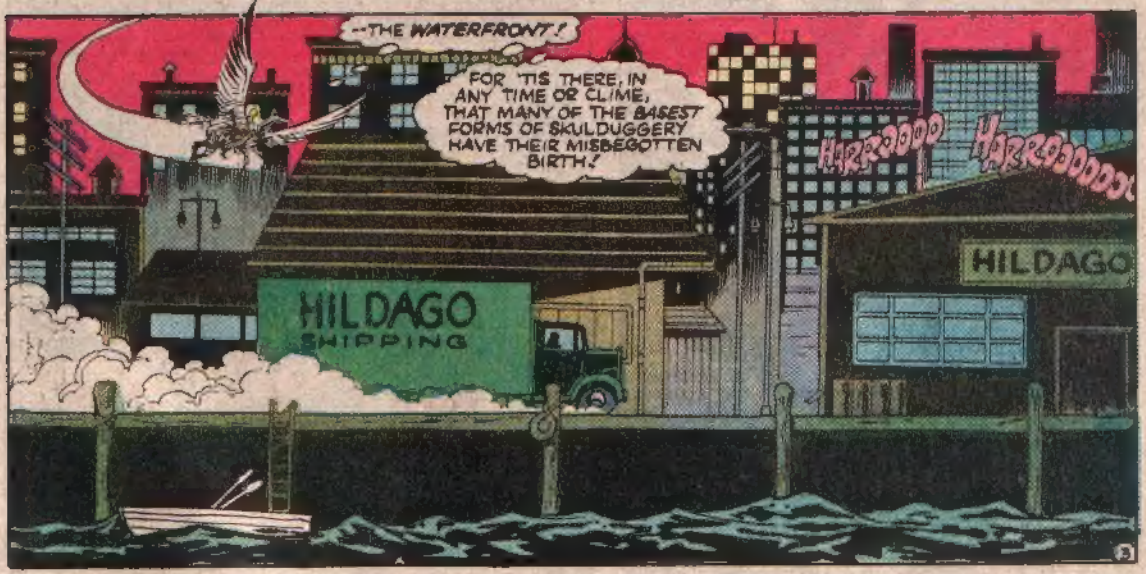

--AND, AS IF IMPATIENT TO BE OFF, PROVIDES ITSELF WITH EASIER ACCESS TO THE TRUCK'S CAB.
TIPPI

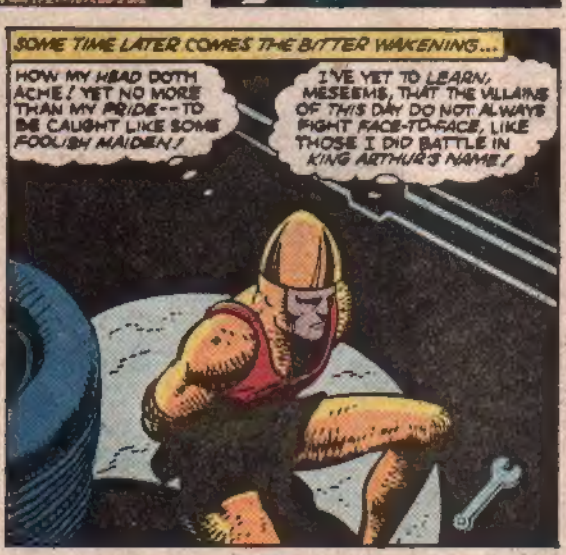
JUST THEN, AS THE ERRANT FATES WOULD HAVE IT --
BY MY HALIDOM! I WAS RIGHT IN THINKING I DID HEAR THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE ECHOING FROM THESE HOODLUM HAUNTS--

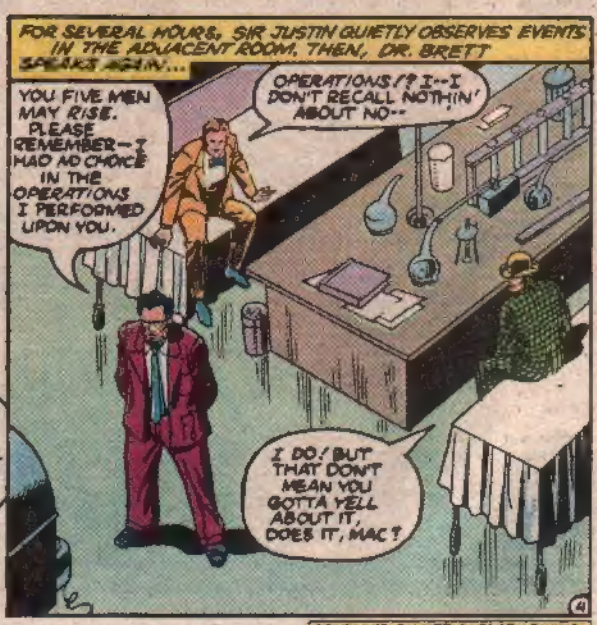

--BUT FAR MORE STARTLING WAS THE SIGHT OF THE MAN OF METAL WHICH SEEMS TO DRIVE YON HURTLING TRUCK!
HIDALGO SHIPPING
VROOOM


I COULD HALT IT NOW--BUT 'TWOULD DOUBTLESS NOT REVEAL TO ME THE TRUE SOURCE OF THE ROBOT'S POWER.


BETTER FAR, METHINKS, THAT I SILENTLY FOLLOW YON VEHICLE.
BAR
PHILADELPHIA
Water-front
NOR IS ITS APPARENT DESTINATION OVERMUCH A SURPRISE--


--THE WATERFRONT!
FOR 'TIS THERE, IN ANY TIME OR CLIME, THAT MANY OF THE BASEST FORMS OF SKULDUGGERY HAVE THEIR MISBEGOTTEN BIRTH!
HARROOOO
HARROOOOOO!
HILDAGO
HILDAGO SHIPPING





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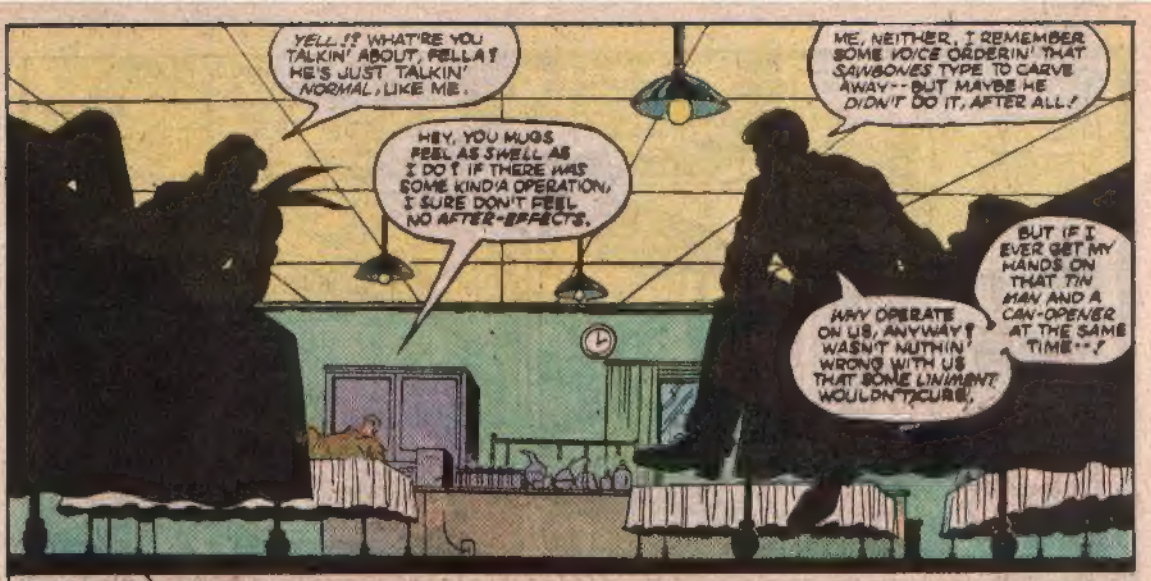
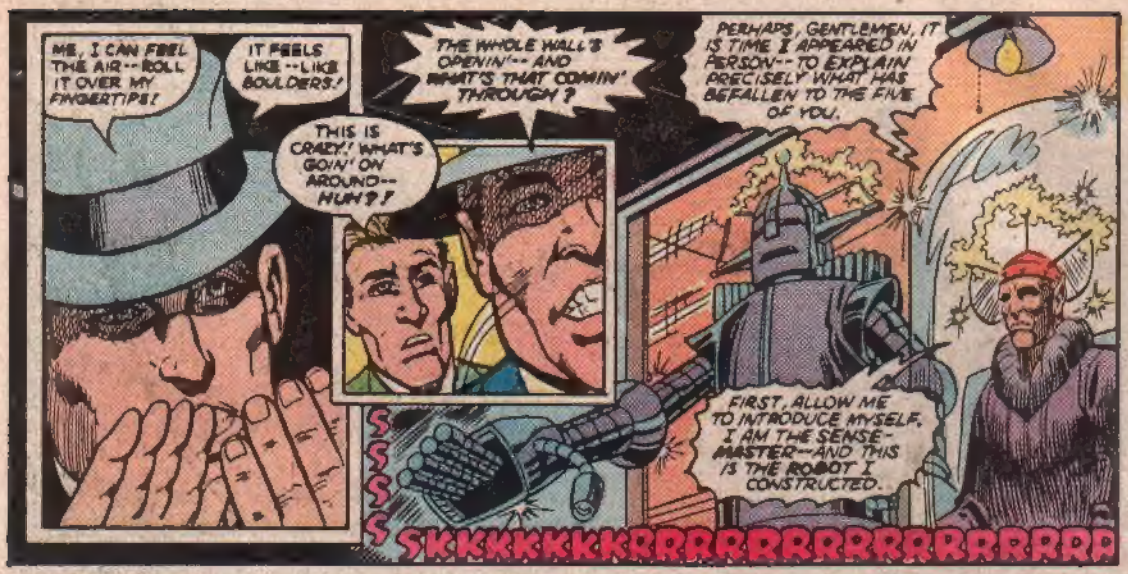

YELL!? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, FELLA? HE'S JUST TALKIN' NORMAL, LIKE ME.
HEY, YOU MUGS FEEL AS SWELL AS I DO? IF THERE WAS SOME KIND'A OPERATION, I SURE DON'T FEEL NO AFTER-EFFECTS.
ME, NEITHER. I REMEMBER SOME VOICE ORDERIN' THAT SAWBONES TYPE TO CARVE AWAY -- BUT MAYBE HE DIDN'T DO IT, AFTER ALL!
BUT IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT TIN MAN AND A CAN-OPENER AT THE SAME TIME --!
WHY OPERATE ON US, ANYWAY? WASN'T NUTHIN' WRONG WITH US THAT SOME LINIMENT WOULDN'T CURE!

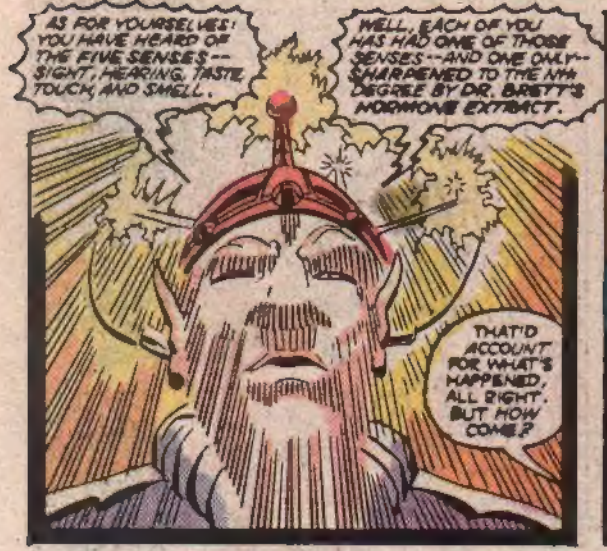
STOP IT, YOU GUYS! I -- I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN EVERYBODY SHOUTS AT ONCE!
E-EVEN WHEN YOU SHUT UP -- I CAN STILL HEAR EVERY LITTLE SOUND IN THE ROOM. I --
HUH?
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IT'S LIKE -- A HORSE'S HOOFS -- RIGHT IN FRONT'A ME!

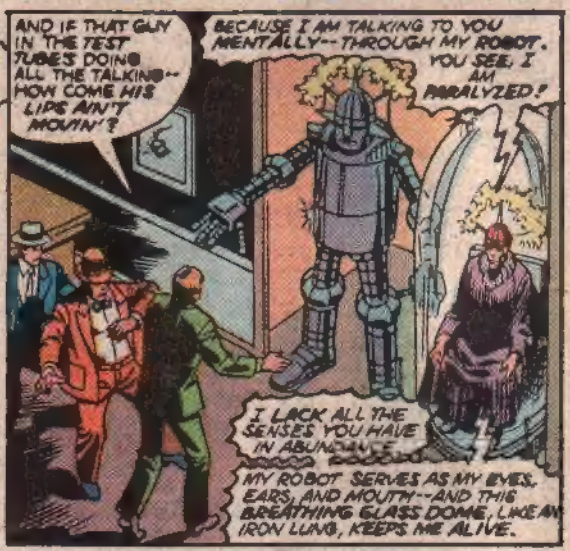
THERE IT IS! IT'S THAT BEETLE!
I CAN HEAR ITS FEET POUNDING AGAINST THE FLOOR!
HOLY COW! D-DID THE DOC DO THAT TO YOU -- WITH SOME KIND'A OPERATION?
THOOM THOOM THOOM

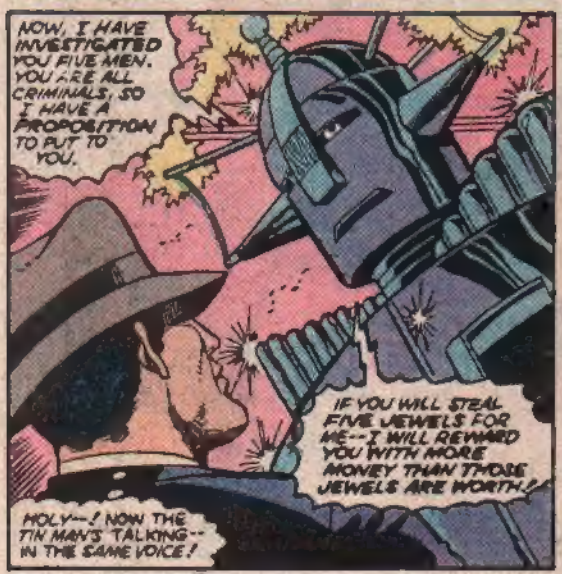
HEY, Y'KNOW -- I FEEL DIFFERENT NOW, TOO, SOMEHOW!
I KNOW WHAT IT IS! IT'S THE AIR -- I CAN SMELL IT NOW! AND I CAN SORT OUT EVERY KIND'A SMELL -- FROM EVERY OTHER ONE!
SNIFF SNIFF
THAT WAREHOUSE! IT'S BLOCKS AWAY -- BUT I CAN SEE IT, AS CLEAR AS IF I WAS STANDING NEXT TO IT!
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, ANYHOW?!

WHATEVER IT IS -- IT'S GOT TO ME, TOO! I CAN TASTE THE AIR IN HERE.
SORT'A DUSTY --!
THAT'S NOTHIN'! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME IS THE WEIRDEST OF ANY OF YOU GUYS...


ME, I CAN FEEL THE AIR--ROLL IT OVER MY FINGERTIPS!
IT FEELS LIKE--LIKE BOULDERS!
THE WHOLE WALL'S OPENIN'--AND WHAT'S THAT COMIN' THROUGH?
PERHAPS, GENTLEMEN, IT IS TIME I APPEARED IN PERSON--TO EXPLAIN PRECISELY WHAT HAS BEFALLEN TO THE FIVE OF YOU.
THIS IS CRAZY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND--HUH?!
FIRST, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM THE SENSE-MASTER--AND THIS IS THE ROBOT I CONSTRUCTED.
SSSS
SKKKKKKKRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR


AS FOR YOURSELVES! YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE FIVE SENSES--SIGHT, HEARING, TASTE, TOUCH, AND SMELL.
WELL, EACH OF YOU HAS HAD ONE OF THOSE SENSES--AND ONE ONLY--SHARPENED TO THE NTH DEGREE BY DR. BRETT'S HORMONE EXTRACT.
THAT'D ACCOUNT FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED, ALL RIGHT. BUT HOW COME?


AND IF THAT GUY IN THE TEST TUBES DOING ALL THE TALKING--HOW COME HIS LIPS AIN'T MOVIN'?
BECAUSE I AM TALKING TO YOU MENTALLY--THROUGH MY ROBOT. YOU SEE, I AM PARALYZED!
I LACK ALL THE SENSES YOU HAVE IN ABUNDANCE
MY ROBOT SERVES AS MY EYES, EARS, AND MOUTH--AND THIS BREATHING GLASS DOME, LIKE AN IRON LUNG, KEEPS ME ALIVE.

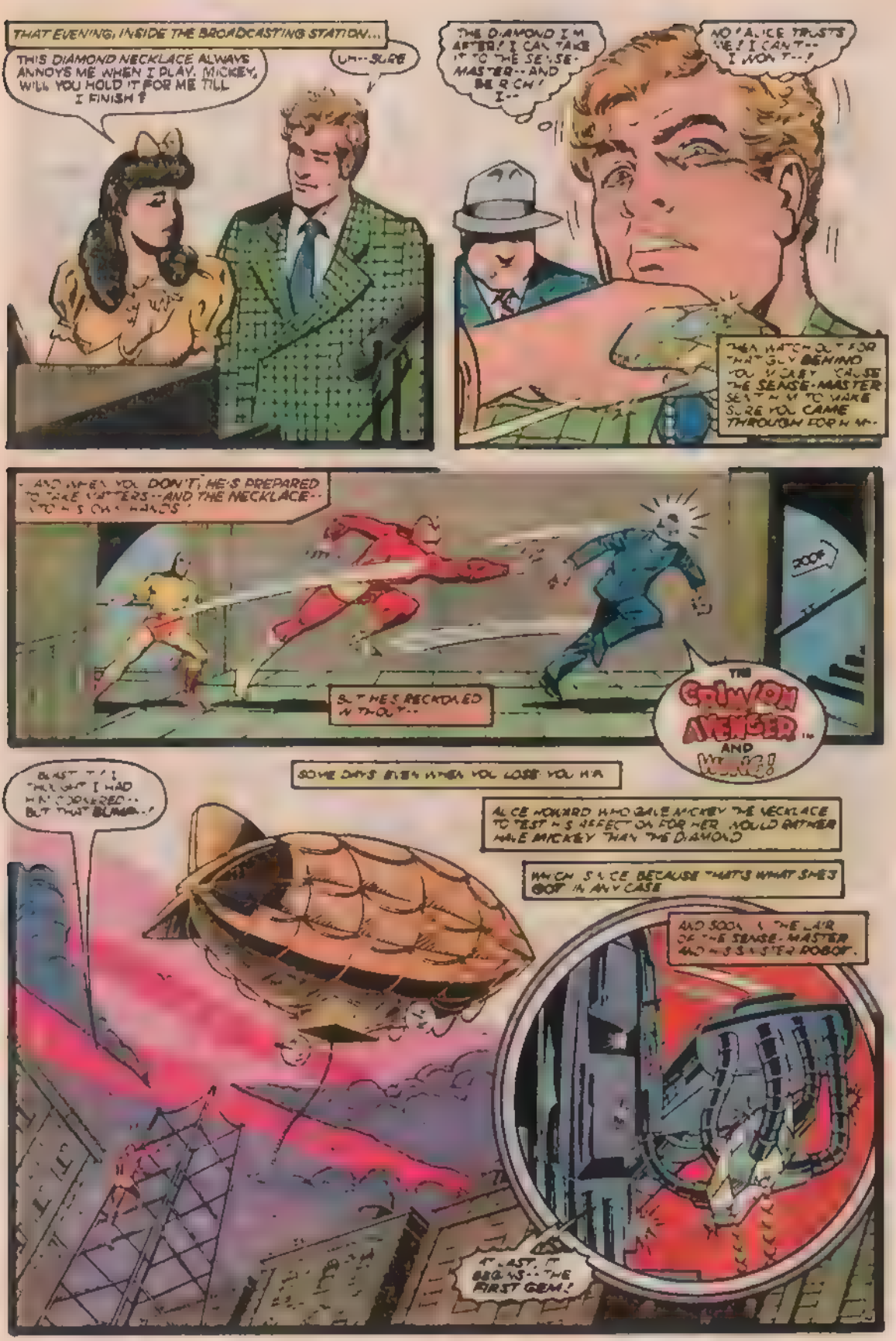

NOW, I HAVE INVESTIGATED YOU FIVE MEN. YOU ARE ALL CRIMINALS, SO I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO PUT TO YOU.
IF YOU WILL STEAL FIVE JEWELS FOR ME--I WILL REWARD YOU WITH MORE MONEY THAN THOSE JEWELS ARE WORTH!
HOLY--! NOW THE TIN MAN'S TALKING--IN THE SAME VOICE!

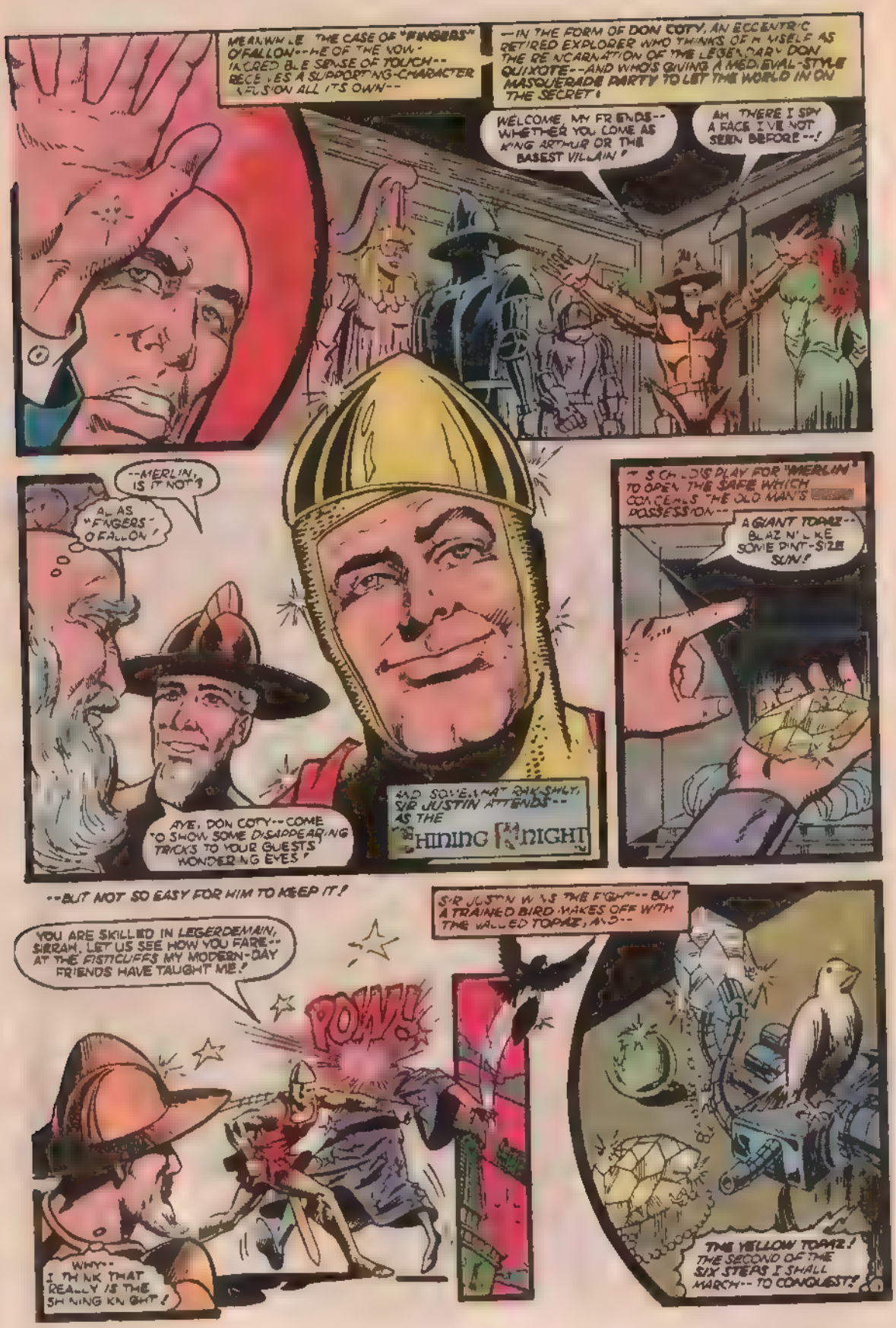
HOW COME? WHAT'S THE CATCH, MISTER?
THAT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW. I HAVE HANDED YOU YOUR INSTRUCTIONS IN FULL.
YOU, EAGLE-EYE NELSON, WILL STEAL FROM A CERTAIN CIRCUS--

SEEMINGLY UNNOTICED, SIR JUSTIN LISTENS AS FIVE CRIMES ARE OUTLINED IN THOSE FLAT, METALLIC TONES. THEN--
IF YOU FOLLOW ORDERS YOU WILL BE RICH. BUT DR. BRETT, FOR INSTANCE, TRIED TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME, BY INFORMING THE POLICE.
HE BECAME MY ENEMY. PROFIT BY HIS FATAL EXPERIENCE, AND DO NOT BECOME MY ENEMY... OR YOU DIE...
...AS THE SHINING KNIGHT MUST DIE!
A TRAPDOOR-- OPENING RIGHT BENEATH ME!
AND TAKE YOUR PRECIOUS SWORD WITH YOU! PRECIOUS GOOD IT WILL DO YOU!
'TWOULD SEEM MY JOUSTING DAYS ARE DONE, UNLESS--
HOLD! MINE INVINCIBLE SWORD-- MIRED IN THE MUD AND SLIME BESIDE ME--!
ONCE AGAIN I DO OWE MY LIFE TO THE BLADE MADE MAGIC-SHARD BY OLD MERLIN, IN THE DAYS WHEN I DID SERVE MY LIEGE-LORD ARTHUR...
...AND I OWE A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE TO HIM WHO COMMENDED ME TO A WATERY TOMB!

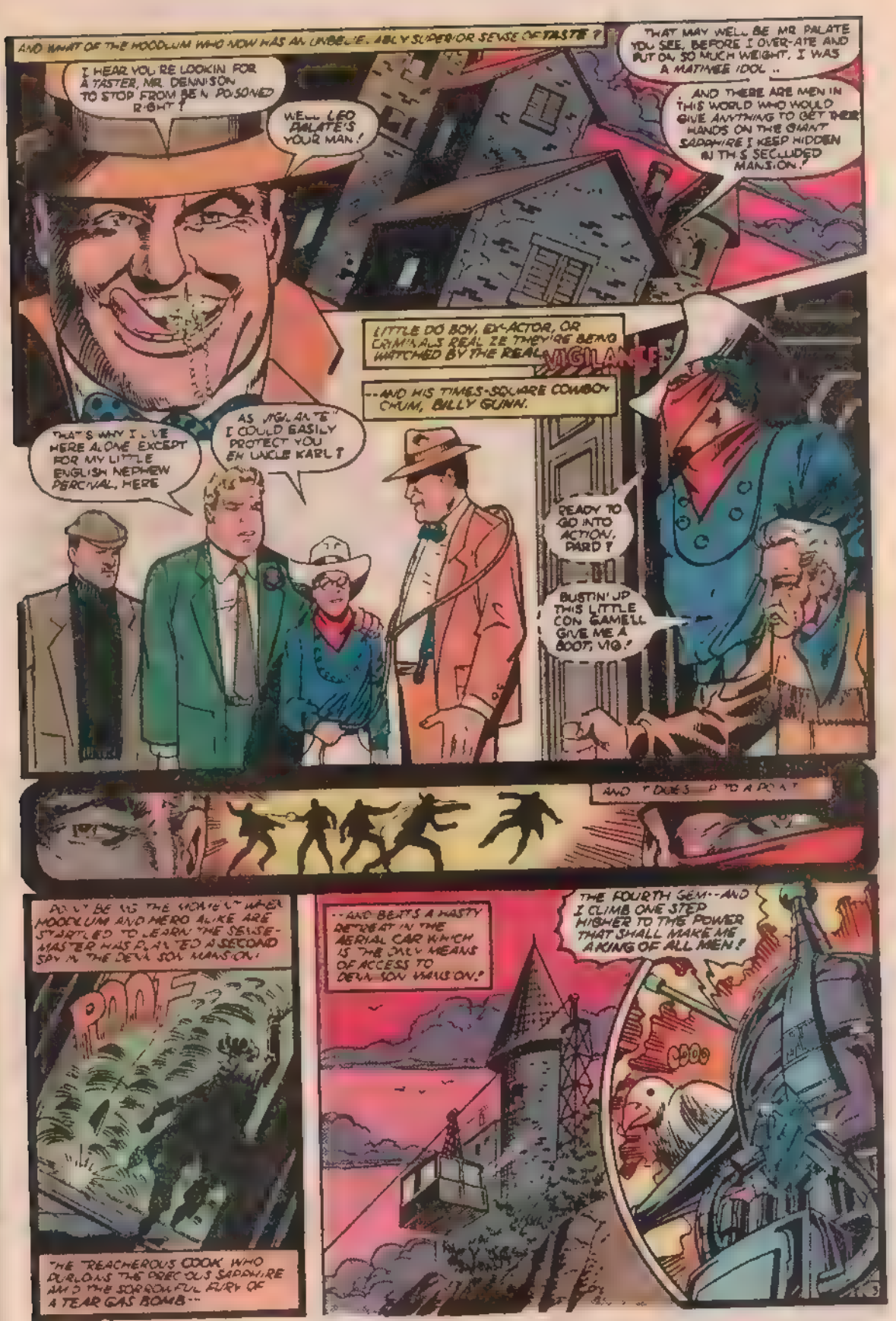
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

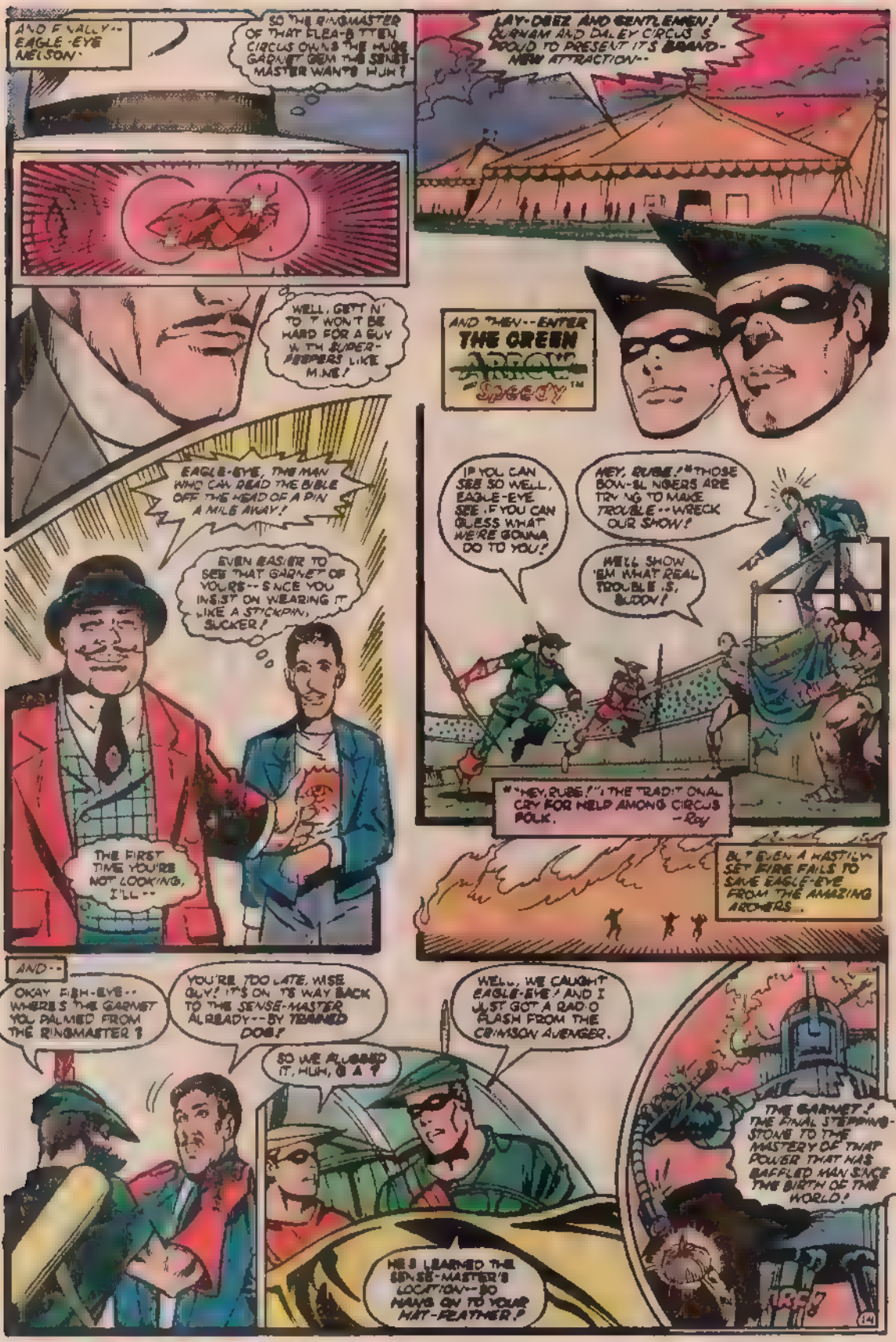
"MICKEY GORDON--YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME FRIENDLY WITH ALICE HOWARD. SHE LIKES MUSIC, PLAYS THE PIANO--AND POSSESSES THE DIAMOND YOU ARE TO STEAL FOR ME."
I'M WILLING, FOR THE MONEY I'M GONNA GET!
BUT HOW'S GIVING ME SUPER-HEARING GONNA HELP--HUH?
PIANO MUSIC, I--I NEVER WENT IN FOR THAT LONGHAIR STUFF BEFORE--
--BUT NOW IT SOUNDS DIFFERENT, LIKE--LIKE CLEAN RAIN AFTER A RAINSTORM--LIKE BROOK WATER SKIPPING OVER STONES!
LUCKY MICKEY GORDON! FOR HIS SUPER-SENSITIZED EARS NOW HEAR TO THE FULLEST THE MELODIC SOUNDS LOST TO THE NORMAL PERSON'S HEARING.
NOR DOES HE NEED SUPER-SIGHT TO APPRECIATE THE PIANIST...
WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD AN AUDIENCE... BUT I'M GLAD YOU LIKED IT.
LIKED IT? I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT!
I THINK INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER. I'M ALICE HOWARD.
I'M MICKEY... MICKEY GORDON. I USED TO BAT OUT CORNY TUNES IN A BAR, I GOTTA ADMIT... I BEEN ARRESTED A COUPLE OF TIMES, TOO...
IT TAKES A MAN TO ADMIT THAT, MICKEY... INSTEAD OF LYING TO ME. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HEAR ME PLAY TONIGHT--AT THE RADIO STATION?
IN THE MEANTIME, OUTSIDE--
I'LL BE HERE IF YOU NEED ME, MISTER CRIMSON!
VRROOOM
STAY HERE, WING! I ONLY HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO STOP THAT GORDON MUG!
BUT WHEN LEE TRIMS HEARS THE EXCHANGE BETWEEN MICKEY GORDON AND ALICE HOWARD...
SKREEEE
HE HASN'T REALLY DONE ANYTHING YET. ALL I CAN DO IS TRAIL THEM--AND WAIT FOR GORDON TO MAKE HIS MOVE.


THAT EVENING, INSIDE THE BROADCASTING STATION...
THIS DIAMOND NECKLACE ALWAYS ANNOYS ME WHEN I PLAY. MICKEY, WILL YOU HOLD IT FOR ME TILL I FINISH?
UH--SURE
THE DIAMOND I'M AFTER! I CAN TAKE IT TO THE SENSE-MASTER--AND BE RICH! I--
NO! ALICE TRUSTS ME! I CAN'T-- I WON'T--!
THEN WATCH OUT FOR THAT GUY BEHIND YOU, MACEY CAUSE THE SENSE-MASTER SENT HIM TO MAKE SURE YOU CAME THROUGH FOR HIM.
...AND WHEN YOU DON'T, HE'S PREPARED TO TAKE LETTERS--AND THE NECKLACE--FROM HIS OWN HANDS!
BUT HE'S RECKONED WITHOUT--
ZOOF
THE CRIMSON AVENGER™ AND WHO?!
SOME DAYS EVEN WHEN YOU LOSE YOU WIN
BLAST IT! I THOUGHT I HAD HIM COWERED--BUT THAT BLUMM--!
ALICE HOWARD WHO GAVE MICKEY THE NECKLACE TO TEST HIS EFFECT ON FOR HER, WOULD RATHER HAVE MICKEY THAN THE DIAMOND
WHICH SHE BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT SHE'S GOT IN ANY CASE
AND SOON, IN THE LAIR OF THE SENSE-MASTER AND HIS SINISTER ROBOT.
BLAST, IT BEGINS--THE FIRST GEM!


MEANWHILE, THE CASE OF "FINGERS" O'FALLON--HE OF THE VOW-HARDENED BLE SENSE OF TOUCH--RECEIVES A SUPPORTING-CHARACTER INFUSION ALL ITS OWN--
--IN THE FORM OF DON COTY, AN ECCENTRIC RETIRED EXPLORER WHO THINKS OF HIMSELF AS THE REINCARNATION OF THE LEGENDARY DON QUIXOTE--AND WHO'S GIVING A MEDIEVAL-STYLE MASQUERADE PARTY TO LET THE WORLD IN ON THE SECRET!
WELCOME, MY FRIENDS--WHETHER YOU COME AS KING ARTHUR OR THE BASEST VILLAIN!
AH, THERE I SPY A FACE I'VE NOT SEEN BEFORE--!
--MERLIN, IS IT NOT?
ALAS, "FINGERS" O'FALLON!
AYE, DON COTY--COME TO SHOW SOME DISAPPEARING TRICKS TO YOUR GUESTS' WONDERING EYES!
AND SO 'TIS THAT RAKISHLY, SIR JUSTIN ATTENDS--AS THE SHINING KNIGHT
--BUT NOT SO EASY FOR HIM TO KEEP IT!
YOU ARE SKILLED IN LEGERDEMAIN, SIRRAH. LET US SEE HOW YOU FARE--AT THE FISTICUFFS MY MODERN-DAY FRIENDS HAVE TAUGHT ME!
POW!!
WHY--I THINK THAT REALLY IS THE SHINING KNIGHT!
SIR JUSTIN WINS THE FIGHT--BUT A TRAINED BIRD MAKES OFF WITH THE WALLED TOPAZ, AND--
THE YELLOW TOPAZ! THE SECOND OF THE SIX STEPS I SHALL MARCH--TO CONQUEST!

IN NEW YORK OCCURS PERHAPS THE MOST IRONIC OF THE SENSE-MASTER'S SCHEMES, AS HIS "HUMAN BLOODHOUND" HAS MANAGED A SOCIAL MEETING WITH--MR AND MRS. JOHN PEMBERTON--
HMMM... THAT'S A NICE-SMELL'N', I MEAN A CE-LOOKING EMERALD RING YOU'VE GOT THERE, MRS PEMBERTON
HOWDJ MA AM MR HOUND
THANK YOU, MR --
THE IRONY OF COURSE, IS THAT THE WEALTHY PEMBERTONS ARE THE PARENTS OF YOUNG SYLVESTER PEMBERTON AND EMPLOYERS OF CHAUFFEUR PAT DUGAN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS--
STAR-SPANGLED KID and Stripsey™
TO MAKE A SHORT STORY SHORTER: TO PROTECT THE RING COVETED BY THE SENSE-MASTER, SYLVESTER AND PAT ACCOMPANY STRIPSEY ON A SHORT TRIP BY SCHOONER, WHERE--
WE WERE WATCHING OUT FOR NAZI SUBS--BUT I NEVER EXPECTED A DEAD WHALE TO POP UP IN OUR PATH. THOSE RED SKIES MUST'VE CAUSED IT! WHAT LUCK!
"TOO MUCH LUCK, PATTER DEAR!" WHAT'S MORE, THAT TYPE OF WHALE'S ONLY FOUND IN THE ANTARCTIC!
DUGAN AND I'D BETTER BE ON OUR GUARD
IT WAS A FAKE, OF COURSE, BUT WHEN THE BLOODHOUND AND HIS MEN TURN OUT TO HAVE BEEN PLAYING JONAH IN ORDER TO STEAL THE EMERALD RING--
HAVE SOME SNEEZING POWDER, PAL!
NOW TRY USIN' THAT SUPER-SCHNOZ OF YOURS!
AHH-CHOO! CHOO!
BUT BLOODHOUND MAKES HIS ESCAPE--
AND TO SYL'S SURPRISE--
HE TOOK THE REAL RING--AND LEFT ME THE GLASS ONE ON MY FINGER!
HE SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE COULD SMELL THE DIFFERENCE!
WHY DO THESE TWO REMIND ME OF SYLVESTER AND DUGAN?
ONLY THREE STEPS MORE NOW, AND THEN--POWER!


AND WHAT OF THE HOODLUM WHO NOW HAS AN UNBELIEVABLY SUPERIOR SENSE OF TASTE?
I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKIN FOR A TASTER, MR. DENNISON TO STOP FROM BEIN POISONED R-IGHT?
WELL, LEO PALATE'S YOUR MAN!
THAT MAY WELL BE MR PALATE YOU SEE, BEFORE I OVER-ATE AND PUT ON SO MUCH WEIGHT, I WAS A MATINEE IDOL..
AND THERE ARE MEN IN THIS WORLD WHO WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THE GIANT SAPPHIRE I KEEP HIDDEN IN THIS SECLUDED MANSION!
LITTLE DO BOY, EX-ACTOR, OR CRIMINALS REALIZE THEY'RE BEING WATCHED BY THE REAL VIGILANTE!
--AND HIS TIMES-SQUARE COWBOY CHUM, BILLY GUNN.
THAT'S WHY I LIVE HERE ALONE EXCEPT FOR MY LITTLE ENGLISH NEPHEW PERCIVAL, HERE
AS VIGILANTE I COULD EASILY PROTECT YOU EH UNCLE KARL?
READY TO GO INTO ACTION, PARD?
BUSTIN' UP THIS LITTLE CON GAME'LL GIVE ME A BOOT, VIG!
AND IT DOES--UP TO A POINT
POOF
THE TREACHEROUS COOK WHO OVERLOOKS THE PRECIOUS SAPPHIRE AND IS THE SORROWFUL VICTIM OF A TEAR GAS BOMB--
--AND BEATS A HASTY RETREAT IN THE AERIAL CAR WHICH IS THE ONLY MEANS OF ACCESS TO DEVILSON MANSION!
THE FOURTH SEM--AND I CLIMB ONE STEP HIGHER TO THE POWER THAT SHALL MAKE ME A KING OF ALL MEN!
OOOO

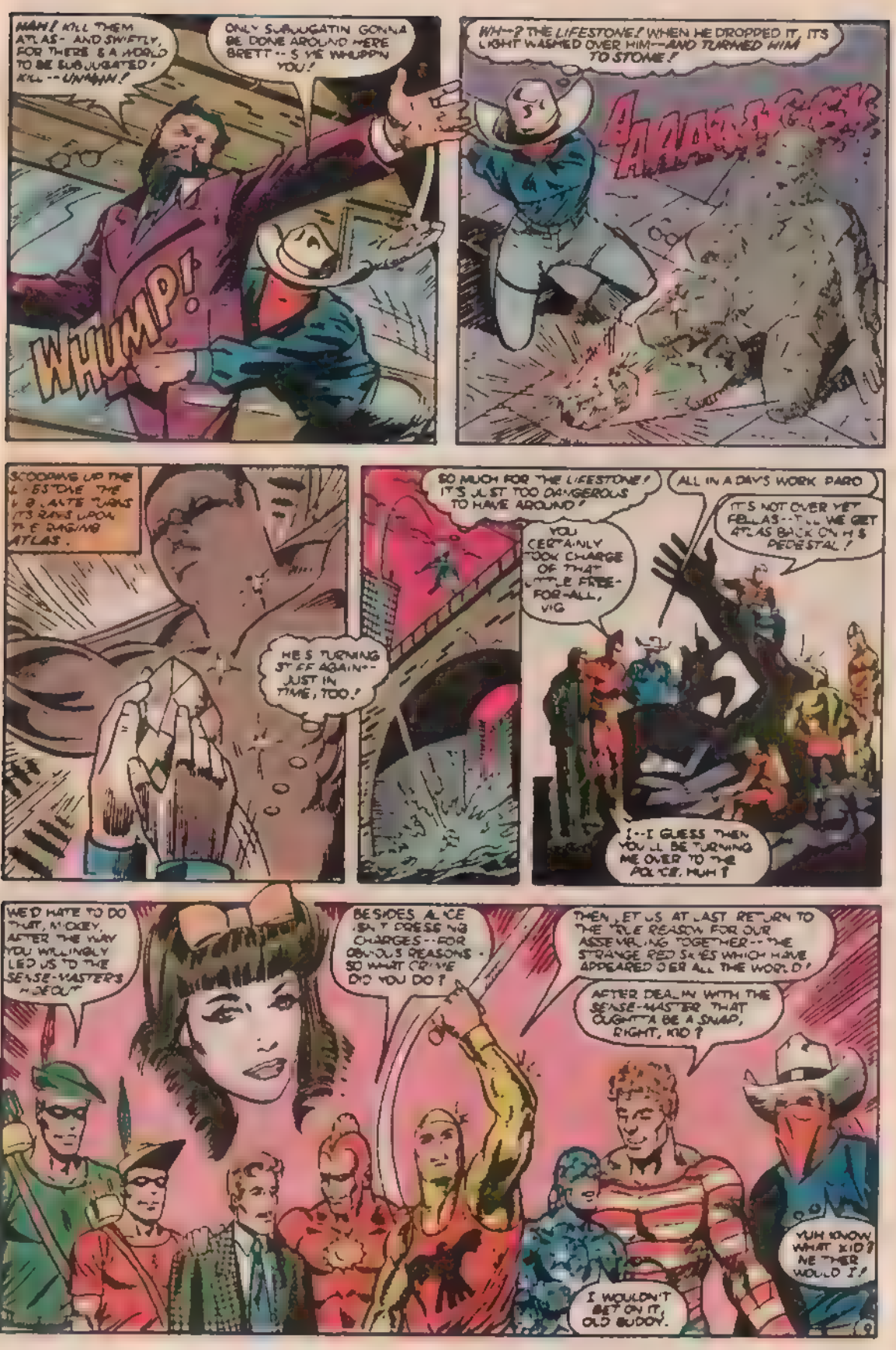

AND FINALLY--EAGLE-EYE NELSON!
SO THE RINGMASTER OF THAT FLEA-BITTEN CIRCUS OWNS THE HUGE GARNET GEM THE SENSE-MASTER WANTS! HUH?
LAY-DEEZ AND GENTLEMEN! DURNAM AND DALEY CIRCUS IS PROUD TO PRESENT ITS BRAND-NEW ATTRACTION--
WELL, GETTIN' TO IT WON'T BE HARD FOR A GUY WITH SUPER-PEEPERS LIKE MINE!
AND THEN--ENTER THE GREEN ARROW Speedy™
EAGLE-EYE, THE MAN WHO CAN READ THE BIBLE OFF THE HEAD OF A PIN A MILE AWAY!
EVEN EASIER TO SEE THAT GARNET OF YOURS--SINCE YOU INSIST ON WEARING IT LIKE A STICKPIN, SUCKER!
IF YOU CAN SEE SO WELL, EAGLE-EYE, SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO TO YOU!
HEY, RUBE! THOSE BOW-LEGGED NOGERS ARE TRYING TO MAKE TROUBLE--WRECK OUR SHOW!
WELL SHOW 'EM WHAT REAL TROUBLE IS, BUDDY!
"HEY, RUBE!"--THE TRADITIONAL CRY FOR HELP AMONG CIRCUS FOLK. --Roy
BUT EVEN A HASTILY SET FIRE FAILS TO SAVE EAGLE-EYE FROM THE AMAZING ARCHERS...
THE FIRST TIME YOU'RE NOT LOOKING, I'LL--
AND--
OKAY FISH-EYE--WHERE'S THE GARNET YOU PALMED FROM THE RINGMASTER?
YOU'RE TOO LATE, WISE GUY! IT'S ON ITS WAY BACK TO THE SENSE-MASTER ALREADY--BY TRAINED DOG!
SO WE FIGURED IT, HUH, EH?
WELL, WE CAUGHT EAGLE-EYE! AND I JUST GOT A RADIO FLASH FROM THE CRIMSON AVENGER.
HE'S LEARNED THE SENSE-MASTER'S LOCATION--SO HANG ON TO YOUR HAT-FEATHER!
THE GARNET! THE FINAL STEPPING-STONE TO THE MASTERY OF THAT POWER THAT HAS BAFFLED MAN SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD!
HRF!
14

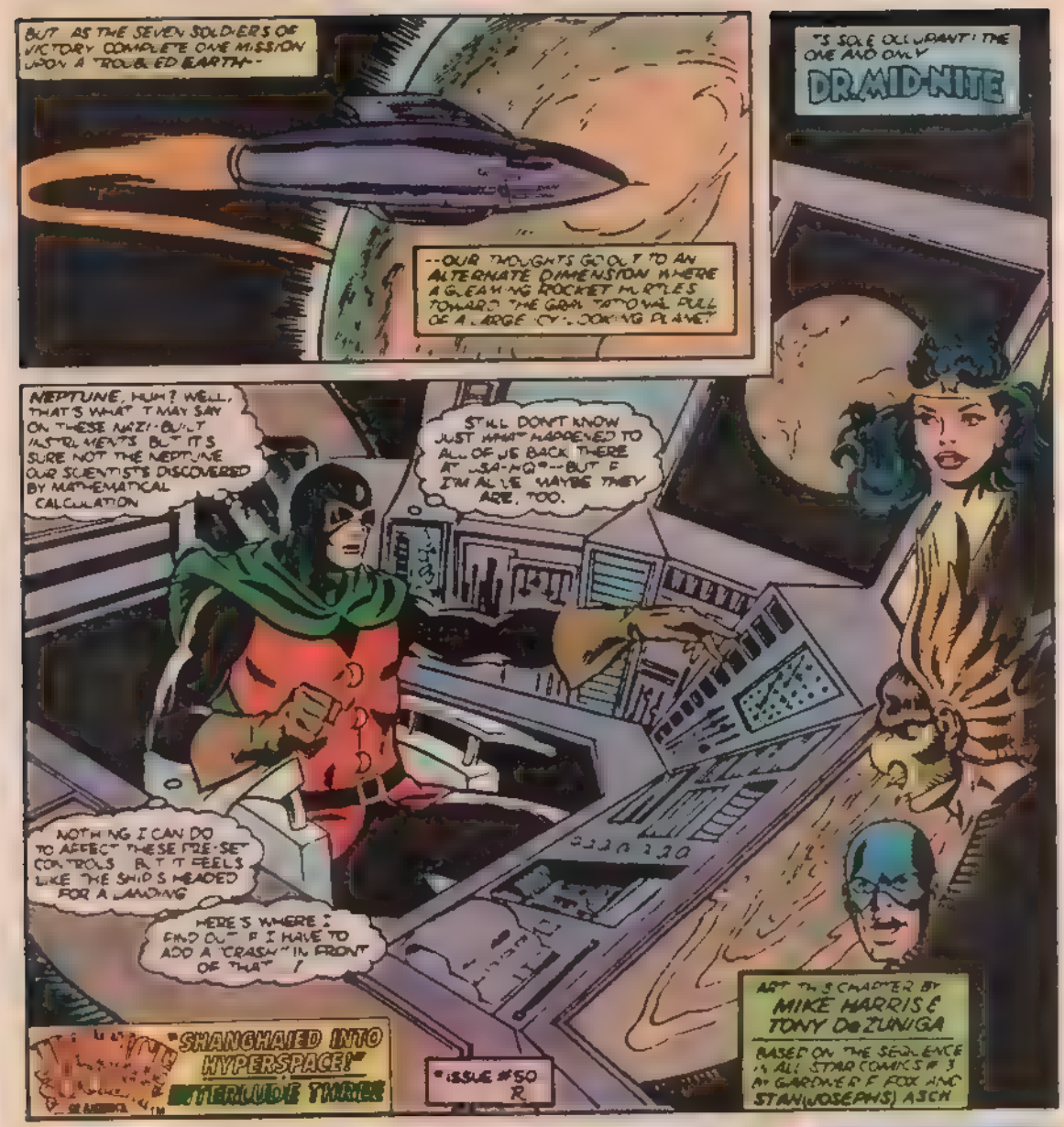
SOON AFTERWARD THOSE OF THE SINISTER MASTERMINDS STILL AT LARGE GATHER AT THEIR CHIEF'S ALTERNATE HIDEOUT MIDWAY BETWEEN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
TO BE ADMITTED BY THE SINISTER BRIGHT-GLEAMING ROBOT WHICH STANDS BESIDE THE VARIOUS FIGURINE UNDER GLASS!
WHY HAVE YOU THREE COME BACK HERE?
CLICK
WHIIIISSSSSSSS
YOU KNOW, BOSS? WHERE ELSE WERE WE GONNA GO FOR PROTECTION FROM THE SEVEN SOLDIERS?
BESIDES, WE DELIVERED THE ROCKS YOU WANTED--SO HOW'S ABOUT PAYIN' US OFF LIKE YOU PROMISED?
YEAH! TRY TO WELCH ON US--AND NOT EVEN THAT ROBOT'LL STOP US FROM SMASHIN' THAT FANCY GLASS BOOTH THAT KEEPS YOU ALIVE!
GLASS BOOTH?
BY ANY CHANCE DO YOU MEAN--THIS GLASS BOOTH?
KRAKK!
YES YOU WILL BE PAID OFF--
HEY! WHAT THE--?
--BUT NOT IN MONEY!
YAAAAAAAAAA
HEAR THAT FELLAS? GOOD THING WE LEFT MICKEY GORDON OUTSIDE!
RIGHT! FROM HERE ON, THE SEVEN SOLDIERS CAN DEAL WITH THOSE THIEVIN' VARMINTS!
15

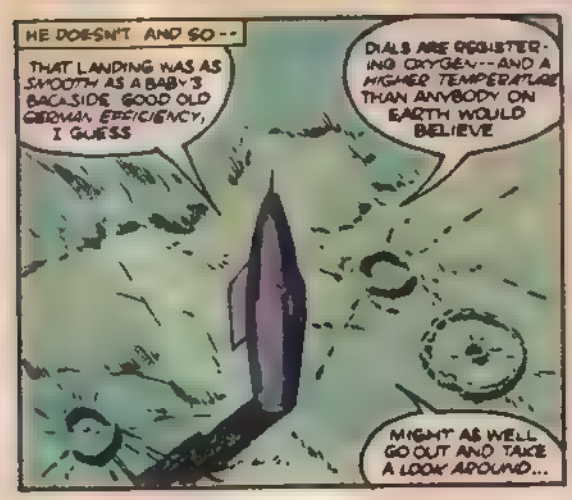
AH! MY UNEXPECTED YET WELCOME GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED!
GREETINGS! I HAVE SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU--!
HEY! THAT WALKING EJECTOR SEAT'S TAKING OFF ITS HEAD!
VERILY 'TIS NO ROBOT AT ALL! 'TIS THE ONE I TOLD YOU OF--
-OR BRETT!
YOU'VE A GOOD MEMORY FOR NAMES I SEE!
YOU SEE THE GRAVEN IDOL BEHIND ME? WELL, YEARS AGO FIVE MEN HIRED ME AS A DOCTOR FOR AN EXPEDITION TO AFRICA
WHATTE YOU AFTER BRETT-- BESIDES THOSE GEMS?
-WAS ONLY A HALF TRUTH-- A RUSE TO KEEP MY IDENTITY SECRET FROM MY HIRELINGS! THAT'S NO LONGER NECESSARY
THEN THE FIGURE IN THE GLASS BOOTH-- THE SO-NAMED SENSE-MASTER--
WATCH IT THAT ELECTRIC EYE SET UP BETWEEN US AND HIM MUST BE A BOOBY-TRAP!
THERE WE STUMBLED ACROSS THIS ANCIENT IDOL-- ENCRUSTED WITH FIVE GEMS EACH MAN SEIZED A JEWEL-- LEAVING ME ONLY THE APPARENTLY WORTHLESS STATUE
BUT THEY WERE WRONG! FOR UPON ITS BASE I EVENTUALLY TRANSLATED AN INSCRIPTION-- AND LEARNED A WAY TO ATTAIN NOMAD POWER!
NOW THE GEMS HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO THEIR ORIGINAL PLACE-- AS TONGUE, EYE, EAR, NOSTRIL, AND PALM OF HAND!
SO? MOUNT ITS SEVEN STEPS, AND THE COOL'S VERY GILLETT OPENS TO ME--
HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING GLOWING INSIDE IT--
IT IS THE LEGENDARY LIFESTONE, YOU FOOLS!
AND LEGEND SAYS OF THE LIFESTONE THAT
IT CAN BRING TO LIFE AN ARMY OF STONE THAT WILL CONQUER THE WORLD!
(Continued on the Back Flap)

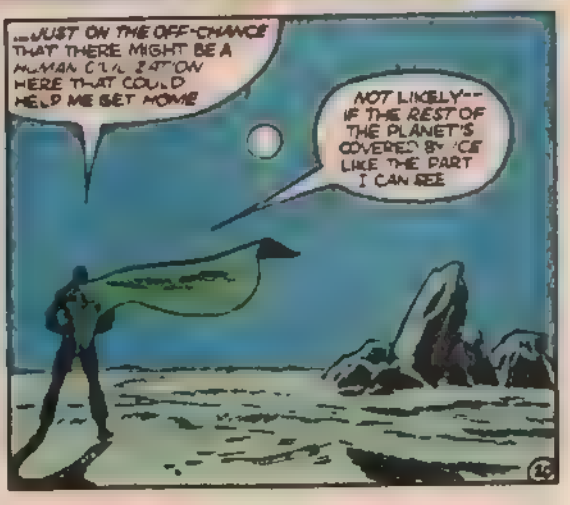
NICE SHOOTING, VIC! HEY-- WHERE'D HE GO??
KA-P
SPLAT
W
NOT TODAY HOMBRE! ONE BULLET'S ALL IT'LL TAKE TO KILL YOUR ELECTRIC EYE SWITCH!
THROUGH SOME KINDA SECRET PASSAGE! AFTER 'EM, PAROS!
TOO LATE! WOW, LOOK AT THAT CAR OF HIS GO! IT MUST BE SOUPED UP AS MUCH AS MY RACER!
WELL, NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES--OR HOW FAST-- WE'RE GONNA BE RIGHT ON HIS TAIL.
VROOOM
THAT'S FOR SURE!
SUCH IS THE SPEED OF BRETT'S SUPER-VEHICLE THAT IT HAS REACHED MID-TOWN MANHATTAN BY THE TIME IT CAREENS INTO A LAMPPOST, AND--
THERE HE GOES-- TOWARD ROCKEFELLER PLAZA!
THIS IS STUPID! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW YET IF THAT DUMB "LIFESTONE" OF HIS WORKS OR NOT!
I WILL SHOW YOU IDIOTS-- BY STOOD ME YOU IN YOUR TRACKS--
--OR RATHER, ATLAS WILL!
THE STATUE-- IT'S STARTING TO--TO MOVE!
PUNY MORTALS! I WILL CRUSH YOU WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD!
JEEZ! IT 'ALKS TOO!
SMASH!

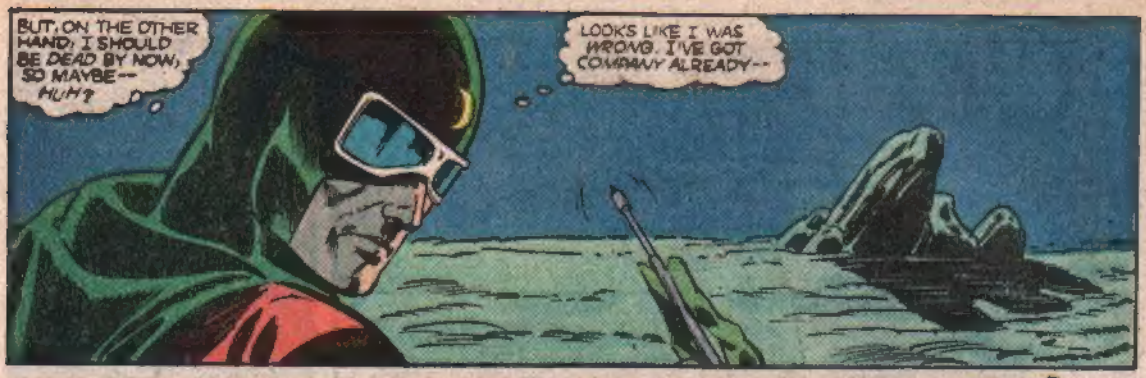
IF YOU WANT TO CRUSH SOMEBODY BLOOD, HOW ABOUT A TRIO OF RATS NAMED TYLER, TOJO, AND MUSSOLINI?
I CRUSH THOSE THE SENSE-MASTER TELLS ME TO CRUSH--
--AND THAT IS YOU!
HOLY COW! THE VIGILANTE JUST RAMMED HIS CYCLE INTO IT--AND IT WASN'T EVEN FAZED!
KRASH!
WITHOUT ANY REAL SUPER-HEROES BETWEEN US, WE'VE SURE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US!
OHWW! SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE NOT GONNA GET ANYWHERE WITH THE DIRECT APPROACH, KID!
KA-THANG!
AVAUNT, MY BRAVE COMRADES!
WE'VE GOT TO TRY STRATEGY!
WHAT MAN AND MACHINE CANNOT ACCOMPLISH--
HERE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN BRETT AND AN ARMY OF THESE THINGS!
--MAYHAP MINE ENCHANTED BLADE MAY DO.
AND MAYHAP NOT. MY SWORD HAS SLICED OFF A PIECE OF THE GRAVEN MONSTER--YET THE REST OF IT RAMPAGES AS RELENTLESSLY AS BEFORE!
SKRE-CHAA

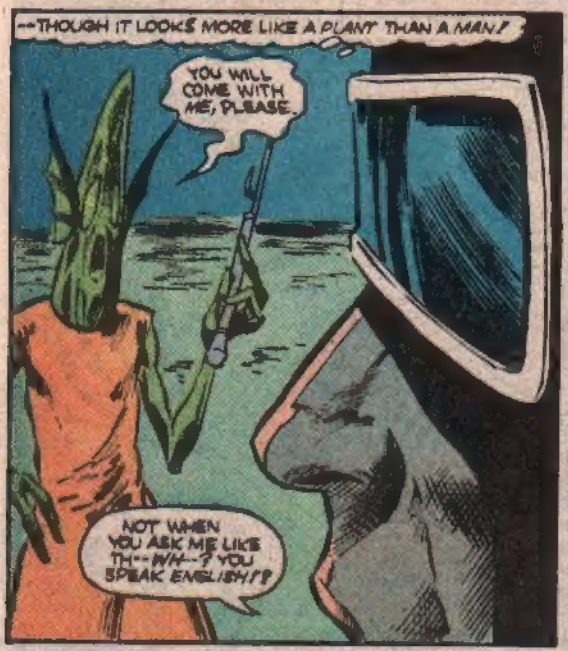

HAH! KILL THEM ATLAS- AND SWIFTLY, FOR THERE IS A WORLD TO BE SUBJUGATED! KILL--UNHAGH!
ONLY SUBJUGATIN' GONNA BE DONE AROUND HERE BRETT--S'YE WHUPPIN' YOU!
WHUMP!
HH--? THE LIFESTONE! WHEN HE DROPPED IT, ITS LIGHT WASHED OVER HIM--AND TURNED HIM TO STONE!
AAAAAGGGK
SCOOPING UP THE LIFESTONE THE LIGHT TURNS ITS RAYS UPON THE RAGING ATLAS.
HE'S TURNING STIFF AGAIN--JUST IN TIME, TOO!
SO MUCH FOR THE LIFESTONE! IT'S JUST TOO DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND!
YOU CERTAINLY TOOK CHARGE OF THAT LITTLE FREE-FOR-ALL, VIC
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK PARD
IT'S NOT OVER YET FELLAS--I'LL WE GET ATLAS BACK ON HIS PEDESTAL!
I--I GUESS THEN YOU'LL BE TURNING ME OVER TO THE POLICE, HUH?
WE'D HATE TO DO THAT, MICKEY, AFTER THE WAY YOU WILLINGLY LED US TO THE SENSE-MASTER'S HIDEOUT
BESIDES ALICE ISN'T DRESSING CHARGES--FOR OBVIOUS REASONS. SO WHAT CRIME DO YOU DO?
THEN LET US AT LAST RETURN TO THE TRUE REASON FOR OUR ASSEMBLING TOGETHER--THE STRANGE RED SKIES WHICH HAVE APPEARED OVER ALL THE WORLD!
AFTER DEALIN WITH THE SENSE-MASTER THAT OUGHTTA BE A SNAP, RIGHT, KID?
YUH KNOW WHAT KID? NEITHER WOULD I!
I WOULDN'T BET ON IT, OLD BUDDY.

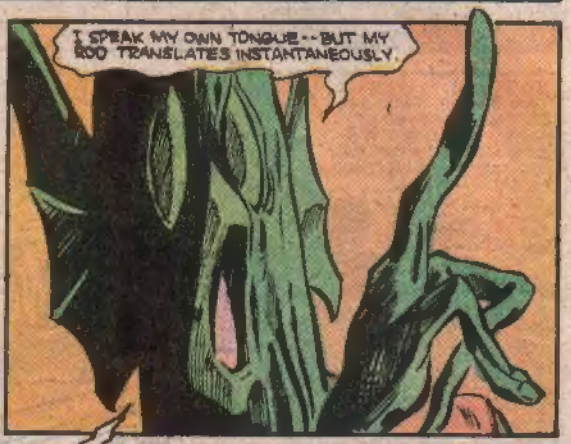

BUT AS THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY COMPLETE ONE MISSION UPON A TROUBLED EARTH--
--OUR THOUGHTS GO OUT TO AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION WHERE A GLEAMING ROCKET HURTLES TOWARD THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF A LARGE ICY-LOOKING PLANET
"IS SOLE OCCUPANT! THE ONE AND ONLY DR. MID-NITE
NEPTUNE, HUH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT I MAY SAY ON THESE NAZI-BUILT INSTRUMENTS BUT IT'S SURE NOT THE NEPTUNE OUR SCIENTISTS DISCOVERED BY MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION
STILL DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF US BACK THERE AT "SA-HQ"--BUT IF I'M ALIVE MAYBE THEY ARE, TOO.
NOTHING I CAN DO TO AFFECT THESE PRE-SET CONTROLS BUT IT FEELS LIKE THE SHIP'S HEADED FOR A LANDING
HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT IF I HAVE TO ADD A "CRASH" IN FRONT OF THAT!
ART THIS CHAPTER BY MIKE HARRIS & TONY DeZUNIGA
BASED ON THE SEQUENCE IN ALL STAR COMICS #3 BY GARDNER F. FOX AND STAN (JOSEPHS) ASCH
"SHANGHAIED INTO HYPERSPACE!"
INTERLUDE THREE
ISSUE #50

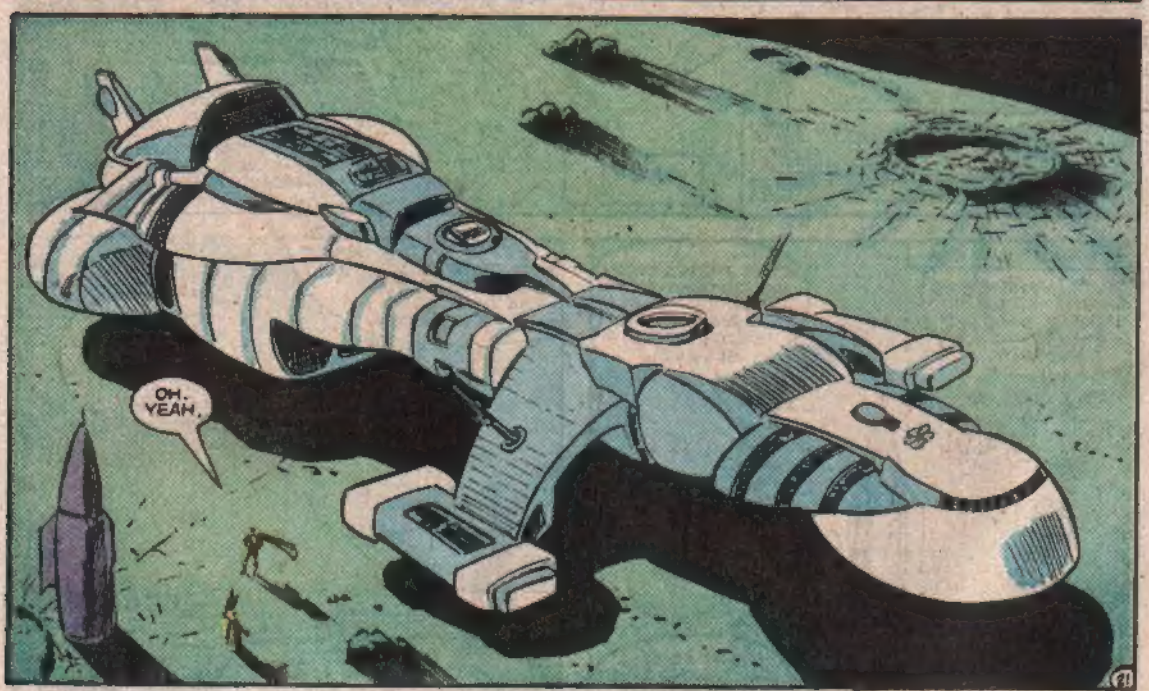

HE DOESN'T AND SO--
THAT LANDING WAS AS SMOOTH AS A BABY'S BACKSIDE GOOD OLD GERMAN EFFICIENCY, I GUESS
DIALS ARE REGISTERING OXYGEN--AND A HIGHER TEMPERATURE THAN ANYBODY ON EARTH WOULD BELIEVE
MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND...


...JUST ON THE OFF-CHANCE THAT THERE MIGHT BE A HUMAN COLONY ON HERE THAT COULD HELP ME GET HOME
NOT LIKELY--IF THE REST OF THE PLANET'S COVERED BY ICE LIKE THE PART I CAN SEE









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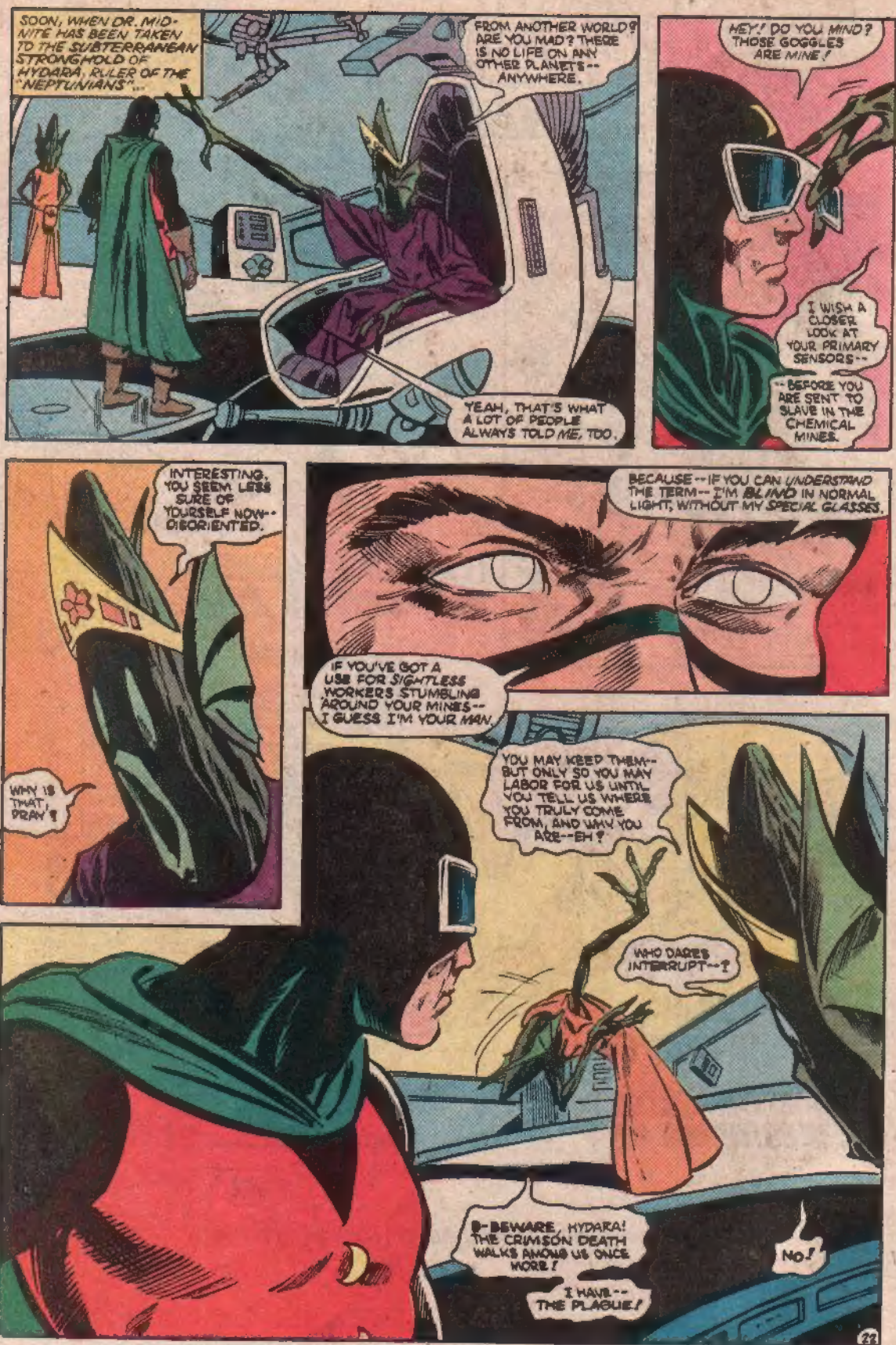
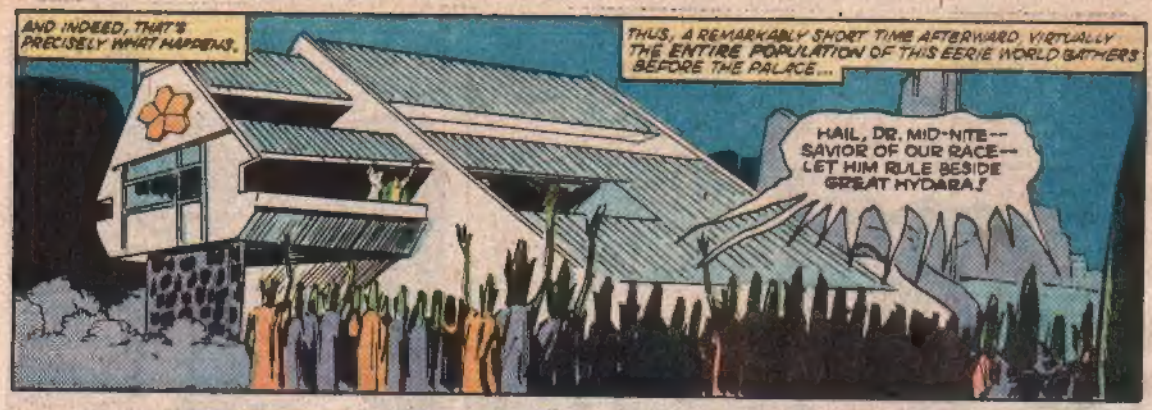
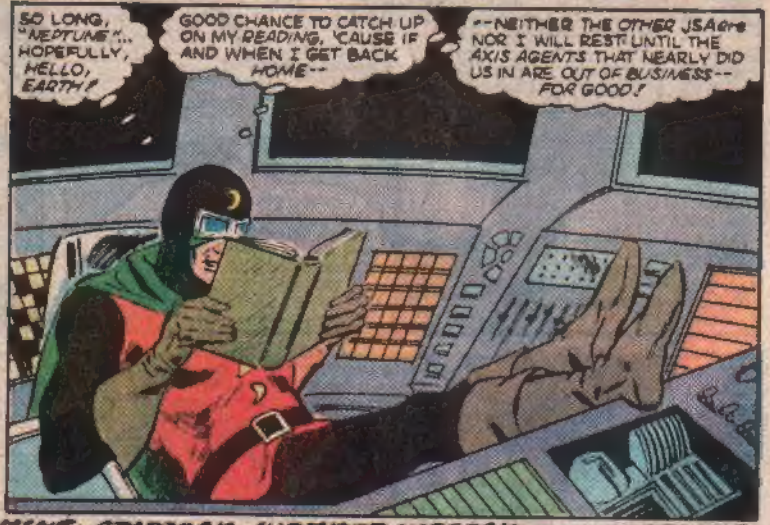

SOON, WHEN DR. MIDNITE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD OF HYDARA, RULER OF THE "NEPTUNIANS"...
FROM ANOTHER WORLD? ARE YOU MAD? THERE IS NO LIFE ON ANY OTHER PLANETS-- ANYWHERE.
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD ME, TOO.
HEY! DO YOU MIND? THOSE GOGGLES ARE MINE!
I WISH A CLOSER LOOK AT YOUR PRIMARY SENSORS--
--BEFORE YOU ARE SENT TO SLAVE IN THE CHEMICAL MINES.
INTERESTING. YOU SEEM LESS SURE OF YOURSELF NOW-- DISORIENTED.
WHY IS THAT, DRAY?
BECAUSE--IF YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE TERM-- I'M BLIND IN NORMAL LIGHT, WITHOUT MY SPECIAL GLASSES.
IF YOU'VE GOT A USE FOR SIGHTLESS WORKERS STUMBLING AROUND YOUR MINES-- I GUESS I'M YOUR MAN.
YOU MAY KEEP THEM-- BUT ONLY SO YOU MAY LABOR FOR US UNTIL YOU TELL US WHERE YOU TRULY COME FROM, AND WHY YOU ARE--EH?
WHO DARES INTERRUPT--?
BEWARE, HYDARA! THE CRIMSON DEATH WALKS AMONG US ONCE MORE!
I HAVE-- THE PLAGUE!
NO!
22

IN MY WORLD, I'M WHAT IS CALLED A PHYSICIAN--ONE WHO CARES FOR CREATURES IN PAIN. PLEASE--LET ME TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS "CRIMSON DEATH."
IT IS HOPELESS, ALIEN. SINCE TIME OUT OF MIND, OUR PEOPLE HAVE DIED WHENEVER STRICKEN WITH THE PLAGUE. THERE IS NO CURE.
I THINK I DO, FRIEND. BUT BACK WHERE I HAIL FROM, WE DON'T CALL IT THE CRIMSON DEATH.
WE CALL IT... MEASLES!
MAYBE NOT, BUT AT LEAST I CAN--GOOD LORD!
CAN IT REALLY BE?!
WHAT, ALIEN? DO YOU KNOW OUR CRIMSON DEATH, FROM THE PLACE WHERE YOU DWELL?
SOON, IN THE "NEPTUNIANS'" STRANGELY-EQUIPPED LABORATORIES...
BACK ON EARTH, MOST OF OUR CHILDREN--I GUESS YOU'D CALL THEM SAPLINGS--HAVE THIS DISEASE, BUT SOON GET OVER IT--WITH PERMANENT IMMUNITY.
IF YOU COULD SAVE US FROM THIS PLAGUE WHICH HAS OFTEN DESTROYED HALF OUR POPULATION, PERHAPS YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO WORK IN THE CHEMICAL MINES AFTER ALL.
YOU FOLKS ARE ALL HEART, AREN'T YOU? BUT I'M A DOCTOR. TRYING TO SAVE PEOPLE'S LIVES IS WHAT I DO.
JUST A FEW MORE SYMPTOMS TO CHECK, AND--
BEFORE LONG...
THIS VACCINE SHOULD DO IT! MIX UP A FEW THOUSAND HATFULS OF THIS STUFF--LET YOUR PEOPLE TAKE IT BY OSMOSIS--THROUGH THEIR FEET, I'D GUESS--
--AND I THINK THIS IS GOING TO PROVE TO BE THE SHORTEST EPIDEMIC IN YOUR WORLD'S HISTORY!





NEXT: STARMAN...WONDER WOMAN and the ATOM!